# THE KALEIDOSCOPE:

OR,

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## Men and Manners.

### DECKERTON, AND ITS LAST GENERATION.

BY WILFRED WENDER.

NO. XII.

### THE CATASTROPHE.

"We are no cowardly shrinkers
But true Englishmen bred,
We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread."

That blank and melancholy solitude which reigned in Oakland Hall for sometime after the Captain's death, was something worn away, and its remaining inmates beginning to recover that relish for life and its common avocations, which withers in bosoms absorbed in the sense of some bereavement, and leaves a loathing of ordinary predilections and a cheerless feeling of earthly vanity, when Seymour perceived that his friend Jerry had suffered the greatest apparent change. Madame Kenrock mourned deeply and long, but her sorrow streamed with a soft and undulated current that seemed to smooth the channel through which it flowed; but Jerry's passionate distraction had exhausted itself, and left him low and listless. His complexion was become sallow, his frame emaciated, and his absence of mind so extremely increased, that it was frequently evident he was not at all conscious whither he was going, or what he was about. In one instance he had even walked into a deep stream which he was accustomed to cross where a tree lay athwart it, not perceiving in his reverie, that the tree had been carried away by a flood, till he emerged from the torrent. He was often observed muttering to himself, and had been overheard using expressions that induced a belief, that his overturning his old master preyed keenly upon his mind. To recal his wasted spirits, and to banish such fancies, Seymour led him out as much as possible, and particularly to Squire Traintree's, who had for years been one in their sporting parties, and though he was of a most parsimonious disposition, yet had somehow contracted a partiality for the company of these men; partly, perhaps, because of a family connection and sincere regard for their old master, partly because long habit had insensibly rendered them pleasant to him, but more so, because they were fond of the same pursuits, and were entertained without ceremony or much expense. They were, too, men of a disinterested and generosity of nature which he had a hearty esteem for, notwithstanding his penurious character. To his house they naturally resorted after the Captain's death, and here too they frequently found Harry Withers, now stripped of his two old cronies Ephraim and Solomon.

The Squire, in his youth, had fair to leave the ample estate, preserved through a long line of ancestors, to him, his father's only child, not much the richer for his possession of it. His hounds were heard sending abroad over the country, a music that called forth esquires, gents, and yeomen in numerous array, to carry amongst his dismayed tenants destruction to fences, crops, and hoof-beaten pastures, and to reward him for the honour of their attendance, by surrounding with vigorous appetites and boisterous merriment the noble profusion of his table. His sideboard exhibited several pieces of costly plate, the dear-earned testimonies of the fleetness of his horses; troops of booted grooms parading in the lawn, long trains of pampered and caparisoned steeds, huntsmen in cap and scarlet breathing the well-disciplined pack; rosy and richly-liveried servants in the hall; and consequential lacqueys speeding to and fro on sleek pads, excited the envy of the young, and the fears of the old. The former saw nothing but a spirited youth in the genial enjoyment of a glorious income; the latter figured to themselves a stern extortionate steward, impoverished tenants, and even sometimes fancied they heard the sound of the axe, and saw those majestic, ambient woods, the growth of ages, piled on groaning drays, and creaking a melancholy farewel to their native scenes. These ominous imaginings were nothing abated by reports of incredible remittances during his long visits to the metropolis, much less by his bringing home a high-mettled dame, rich in beauty, and a whole regiment of relations of the most sociable and expensive habits. His natural prudence, however, lost for a brief space in the ebullition of youthful feelings, recovered its dominion before a single hereditary oak confirmed the bodings of the gray-headed prognosticators; and his wild oats once sown, notwithstanding the commanding influence of his lady preserved a fair train of domestics, the beautiful greys and goodly carriage, and an honourable intercourse with the most respectable neighbouring families—symptoms of an opposite disposition began to appear rapidly and successively in his character. Their only son, an amiable youth, who was extremely fond of agriculture, had married a young lady as amiable as himself, the presumptive heiress of Captain Kenrock's estate, and lived at a rustic cottage on one of his father's farms, died early, leaving one daughter, as bewitching and wild a young thing as ever found itself a beautiful and caressed object in a new and delighted world. This loss, soon followed by that of Mrs. Traintree, seemed to extinguish entirely all the Squire's former habits. A decided disrelish for general society, commenced in the indulgence of sorrow, was fed and fostered by the loneliness of his situation, till it became an inconquerable habit. The smiling, well-favoured faces, and frequently obstreperous jollity, of his servants, occasioned their dismissal one by one. The carriage-horses were sold at the sale of his son's farming-stock. The grooms, of course, disappeared. The old steward died, and was replaced by the farmer, a quiet, discreet, plodding man, who lived at hand, and had little employment in his own department, the greater part of the home-farm being apportioned to surrounding tenants. In short, the amazing revolution became sensible to any one at a distance. Instead of meeting, as you approached the hall, besides the persons and appearances detailed above—tradesmen bustling home with aspects glowing with the sunshine of the servants'-hall; instead of hearing the shrill neighing of colts galloping around the rich inclosures, as if impatient of their future triumphs upon field and course; instead of the loud cuwarring of rooks in spring, soaring in a sable and chequering cloud above the lofty elms; and, as you drew nearer, a fat spaniel, or a brace of greyhounds, with their meek and smiling faces, running to welcome you,—there was a moody silence, broken only by the scream of a peacock, the gobble of a turkey, or the loud quacking of a duck from the farm-yard.

The hall, a substantial stone building, flanked with a couple of square and projecting towers, and surmounted by a parapet of heavy, turned balustrade, to which there was access from the roof, through a row of dormant windows in front, wore a melancholy aspect. Many of the windows were constantly closed, and the doors and shutters exhibited that chapped and weather-worn appearance consequent on neglect. The very walls seemed to have a grayer and more deserted character than is found in an inhabited mansion, however old. The slope below the front, which used to look so beautiful, with its rich, close-shaven turf, and neat, well-rolled gravel-walk, winding down through the cool shade of lofty chesnuts to the mossy hermitage by the brook, was now shaggy with long grass, and the shady walk itself lost in a lofty crop of hemlock and wild chuvil. The gardens, in the old style divided by hedges of clipped box, were luxuriantly desolate. The box, disdainful of its former cubic shape and smoothness, quivered its young twigs in the breeze; bears and dragons of yew were become more shagged and rampant monsters than ever lived in a poet's brain; and fruit-trees, long confined to the walls, had burst their bondage, and triumphantly waved over surrounding regions. Leaden images here and there wore most rueful aspects, green with moss, and dishonoured with birds. If you passed the kennel in the copse below, no quick-eared hound gave the alarm, and loosed a fearful and long-protracted yell. The wheel mounted on a stout post that once bore the remains of many a worn-out hero of Newmarket or the fox-hunt, now bowed down in decay. The long-accumulating pile of bones was hid in a crop of green rank weeds. Grass carpeted the floors, and flourished in the troughs of the kennel-court: and the only visible remains of the former appendages of the place were the remnant of a dog-couple, or a rotten cord hanging on the wall. The yard and stables, formerly occupied by the gay steed, displayed a similar appearance. There, too, the grass-concealed pavements, waved on steps, and even sprung in lank and and sallow tufts from disused mangers and window-seats. There was an old wooden dovecot tumbling in; roofs of buildings, once well thatched, but now only in patches, and green in ruin with masses of chickweed and house-leek, rearing its crested flowering stems along the ridge. Sheds partly sunk to the ground; scattered straw, and heaps of old timber mouldering in different places, with a

few solitary fowls or a pig loitering amongst them, finished the picture.

Within the hall, things stood in a similar but rather superior situation. The once numerous establishment had dwindled down to one maid, and when Timothy Wantle's cottage, which stood behind the rookery, rained in, the Squire, who foresaw that to thatch it anew would occupy too much of that important personage's time, who officiated in the multifarious characters of footman, groom, gardener, coachman, and, in short, discharged the relicts of the services of all the former retainers of the family, and beginning likewise to feel the want of company in the long winter evenings, he removed Timothy and dame Wantle to the hall, and dismissed the maid. It was not without much persuasion that dame Wantle was prevailed upon to migrate. To turn out of that old cottage, where every brick and joist had been well-known companions for years, was trial enough, but to live in the hall was misery of miseries. Any old house partly unoccupied, is speedily tenanted with wavering ghosts, trailing of chains, and other unaccountable noises; but in the hall, where, but a few years before, a girl had been shot in a frolic by another with a pistol left on the kitchen table, when the dogs had howled dismally three nights together, and thieves had been expected, was running into harm's way with open eyes.—Besides, she was sure she could never venture through those huge awsome rooms, when the Squire was gone into the plantations, and Timothy was cleaving wood for fuel, and she a lone woman the livelong day. It would make her flesh creep upon her bones, to go up those old oak stairs, and hear her steps echoing all over the house, as if there were raw-heads and limners running about the garrets. And then to see those great gentlefolks in their gilt frames all round her, looking at her, turn which way she would, as silently and solemnly as if they were just about to come down to her. Those gentlemen that died long since, in their huge wigs, gazing as glim as bogles, and fine ladies, bonny enough to be sure, if they had not such a queer ghostly look in their eyes, it made her heart sink to be amongst them with living Christians; but God keep her from being left alone with them. The Squire laughed, and Timothy said it was foolish to be frightened at a picture; the Squire, therefore, proposed to Timothy to carry in the wood for airing the rooms, the only occasion for entering them, but he gasped as for breath, and said they had better go together; and in fact this valiant old couple made the regular airing perambulations side by side, with much awe and many sage wonders. The dame always fastened the kitchen door in the absence of the Squire and Timothy, yet even then her terrors visited her. In the night, too, she often woke Timothy to listen to strange rustlings and low screams. It was in vain the Square told them, it was only the rats running behind the tapestry.—She heard also, long before daylight, a fearful noise as of mournful voices discoursing eagerly together; and though the Squire demonstrated to them by actual inspection, that it was merely the cooing of some pigeons that had found their way into one of the attics, these fears still remained, and fresh ones were perpetually springing up.

Timothy, I said, was coachman. On one only occasion, however, had he exercised his office. The carriage stood, unnoticed, in its place, and was only brought out during the Squire's last years, one bitter winter day, to convey his lovely little grand-daughter, who was permitted, attended by a maid, to spend the vacation with him, back to school in Deckerton. Timothy dragged it forth—swept the dust from the top with a besom—rubbed the stiff harness with a wisp of straw, and affixed a noble couple of steeds, the superannuated hunting-mare, and a limping scrannel of a pony. His own appearance in the driving-box was in the first style. His long, lank figure arrayed in a dirty white, or, more properly, saffron-coloured frock; his wide-brimmed slouch, tied with a hayband, by way of lace, and his legs well defended with wrappings of the same; his shoes, each measuring fifteen inches, for which he was particularly admired in winter, turning out his toes so surprisingly, that they pointed in opposite directions, and brought his heels to face each other, by which means he left a track in a snow that was known the country over; his shoes, well oiled, projected conspicuously over the footboard, and his lean, gray-bearded visage, tinged blue with the frost, presented a striking contrast to those of the spruce handmaid, and little, lively, laughing fairy within, evidently amused at the grotesque display of her coachman, steeds, and vehicle. In this unique manner, however, Timothy conducted his winsome charge more safely than he had brought home the gig some months before from the Captain's. The gig was a vehicle of his frequent use. In it he conveyed hampers of game to different quarters, and brought home a variety of domestic articles, but, unfortunately, having one day looked too intensely at the bottom of one of the Captain's tankards, his eyes failed him in driving back; he ran against a post and shivered a wheel to splinters. To obviate the Squire's wrath, he pointed out the excellent substitute of one of the fore wheels of the carriage, which, though considerably less, would, he wisely remarked, fit the gig prodigiously for running along the side of a hill. The Squire had but one objection, how would he manage when the small wheel was on the lower side? Timothy readily solved the difficulty; it was only to shift it to the other: the Squire applauded his plan; and in this oblique conveyance Timothy again performed his journeys to Deckerton, to the vast amusement of the town and the imminent danger of his own neck.

The daily set-out of the Squire was equally picturesque; mounted on the back of the old hunting-mare, a capacious game-bag thrown across her, his gun slung behind him, and under his arm suspended a small bass, containing saws, pruning knives, and other implements of exercise in his plantations, followed by his two old slouch-mouthed Spanish pointers, and often by Harry Withers, who found so many black thorns and hazles in the woods, that his rack, under the ceiling of his room, was never so replenished, though he supplied the whole neighbourhood with walking-sticks—and it was only to admire one, and have it.

In this manner time passed on at the hall, when one evening, after a long day's sport, the whole of this company was met there. They had despatched a hearty meal, and had drawn to the kitchen fire, which Timothy had heaped high with flaming wood. The dogs were basking on the hearth; Dame Wantle was busy filling the tankard, scraping the dirt from their boots and gaiters, and spreading them before the fire to dry; Jerry had fallen asleep in the chimney corner; the Squire and Seymour were seated on one side under the ample mantlepiece, their guns hanging over their heads, and, with their pipes in their mouths, were relating to each other the particulars of the day's sport, how every hare and bird was found, killed, or escaped, and all the causes and casualties, as if they had not been together. On the other side sat Harry Withers, with a needleful of good home-spun thread, borrowed of Dame Wantle; and after having sewed on one of his coat laps, which a captious stake had rent off, was proceeding to attach more closely a few buttons that hung rather loosely;—whilst Timothy, having thrown off his cradle-shoes to indulge his customary luxury of allowing his feet an hour's liberty on the warm hearth before he went to bed, his arms folded, and leaning his head against the wall, was lauding Harry's adroitness. "You are a dab hand, Master Withers; you've sharply put that into decent repair."—"Aye; sooner, Timothy, than you'll put your gardens into repair."—"Umph! Master Withers, can you keep sparrows out of an unthatched barn? That's as good like an aim as to keep weeds out of a garden."—"Have you seen the hot-house lately, Timothy? The pines are fairly pined to death; and the vines, have you seen them?"—"No," said Timothy, who never did any thing without a particular order, "the Squire has said nothing about them lately. I warrant ye he thinks them more cost than worship."—"Well, then, Timothy, they are coming to see you. I saw them this morning; they have pushed out every pane of glass, and there are shoots so long and lank as your waggon whip, flourishing and flouncing in the air as if they were beckoning for assistance."—"Oddsbodikins (cried Timothy) the Squire should have told me o' that though!"—"Oh! I warrand ye," said Harry, imitating Timothy's favourite expression, "he'll tell you of it soon, never fear."—"Odzookus, man! but what signifies that, now all the glass is smashed, and I could have stopped those cursed wankle withes with my billhook in a moment."—"D'ye hear that!" suddenly exclaimed Seymour.—"Aye," said the Squire, turning to Timothy."—"Hush!" said Seymour, raising himself in a listening attitude, and assuming a solemn eager air. "There again! d'ye hear it?"—"By Jove, a shot!" said the Squire.—"The audacious villains (added Seymour) so near, and on such a night! They are in the little pringle between the wood where the hares come to feed in the eddish."—In an instant all was in motion, boots and gaiters were slipped on. Jerry was roughly shaken from his slumber; and hearing the word poachers, and seeing the bustle, he snatched down his gun and swore vengeance. Timothy sat staring, but motionless, till they told him to be quick. He then began to thrust his long feet into his shoes again, and a gun was clapped into his hands, which he handled as if it were red hot; while Dame Wantle was wavering about, wringing her hands, and deafening the hurrying inattentive group with her cries. "Alack, alack! will you risk your precious lives for a few hares? Let them kill them, an they will. If they shoot a lingon, there'll be a power on 'em left. But Timothy; must Timothy go? Pray, your worship, take care of him, he's so daring. Keep behind, Timothy! Let your betters go first!" Still cried dame Wantle after the company, who were now hurrying through the yard, none seeming to hear her but Timothy, who kept behind his betters. It was a fine autumnal night. The moon rode resplendently through the blue lofty sky, showing the various coloured foliage of the woods as they passed, and the frosty twinkling of the silvery dew upon leaf and grass. Dame Wantle listened eagerly on the lawn, whither she had unconsciously followed them. Shot after shot was heard in the woods for about a quarter of an hour, all then was silent. She hoped the poachers had decamped at the approach of the Squire's party; but at once a tremendous firing was heard, mingled with loud shouts and the howling of dogs. Dame Wantle sunk to the ground. On recovering, all was still. She listened in breathless expectancy, agitated by mingled horrid fears and fancies of approaching steps till after midnight, when a hasty step was really perceived at a distance, and the moon revealed Timothy's long figure bearing with astonishing speed towards her. "Heh, Timothy!" exclaimed dame Wantle, as he rushed past with a ghastly stare towards the house, where she found him stretched upon the floor. Loud and reiterated were dame Wantle's queries and complaints, but Timothy noticed her not. He appeared lost in a wild amaze, and often started and looked towards the door as if he saw an enemy. It was not till towards morning that dame Wantle could catch the words "murdered! all murdered!" The manner in which the old couple passed the time till day-break, cannot be described. It was miserable enough. As soon as the sun appeared, the dame hastened to the farmer, who, summoning his labourers, set off into the woods, and were not long ere they discovered the Squire and his comrades, lying lifeless and bloody in a hollow in the pringle, mentioned by Seymour. It had apparently been once a stone quarry, but was now gradually sloped down on all sides, carpeted with grass, and several fine trees were flourishing in it. The Squire lay just at the entrance, Harry Withers near him, and Jerry and Seymour side by side in the bottom of the hollow. They were shockingly mangled, and the ground around them was trodden, the grass beaten into mire, and the very bushes dashed down in a manner which told there had been a dreadful struggle. The alarm was speedily abroad, and vast were the numbers running to the hall

and the fatal spot. Timothy was examined by the Coroner and the magistrates, but little further was elicited. He deposed, that, led by the sound of the guns, and the tracks through the rich and dewy eddish towards the hollow, they had scarcely reached the edge, when they were saluted with a volley from within. The Squire fell, and Timothy said he felt something strike his breast (though no wound could be found upon him) and fell as a dead man. What passed afterwards, he knew not. He heard only a confused noise, and Jerry shouting not to leave a shred of the rascals, and oaths and blows that seemed like a dream. On recovering himself, all was still, and looking round, he perceived several bodies lying in the hollow. He approached the nearest, it was the Squire's; and, struck with horror, he fled, and never stopped till he reached the hall. It appeared from an examination the next night, that the poachers were hidden in the shade of the trees, whilst the Squire and his party were conspicuous in the full moonlight; yet some of them, it was imagined, must have fallen. Blood was traced to a great distance; and there were marks as if bodies had been carried, and rested at intervals, in the ridings of the wood, but never was certainly known. The news flew instantly through the whole country; handbills, offering immense rewards, were posted in all the neighbouring towns; scouts were riding in every direction, but no one was missing—no one was wounded.

Thus perished these worthy men; men, rustic in their habits, eccentric in their disposition, but yet perhaps as much happier in their secluded life than the generality of mankind, as they were more generous in their natures, and faithful in their attachments. They were men who seemed to feel the full value of health, and sunshine, and quietness; and to know how much real happiness consists in a contented enjoyment of these things. Give them but fine weather for fishing in summer; plenty of game, and good spirits to pursue it, in autumn: and a cosey fireside, and a merry tale, in winter—and they were blest enough. But they are gone! The traveller, as he passes at a distance, sees the hatchment mournfully hoisted over the doors of the halls of the Captain and the Squire, denoting the recent removal of their lords; and even now fame begins to blow about the wonderful beauty of the young lady, the sole heiress of their ample estates.

## *TO THE EDITOR.*

Sir,—Whether the annexed tale was ever in print, I cannot tell; nor remember at this moment how it came into my possession. It has been a favourite with me from infancy; and bears the stamp of originality and feeling. If it meet your approbation, your early insertion of it will much oblige JEMIMA.

## THE MAD GIRL OF ST. JOSEPH'S:

BY THE CHEVALIER DE GRAVE.

It was two o'clock in the morning, the almost exhausted lamp in the court-yard gave but a glimmering light, and I was retiring to my apartment, when I thought I heard a noise at the foot of the stair-case. I called out twice, "Who's there? what are you about there?" and was answered in a soft and touching voice, "It is I; don't you see that I am waiting for him?" As I was not the person expected, I was walking away, when the same voice called to me, "Pray come here; but do not make a noise." I approached, and near the last step, behind the pillar, perceived a young woman dressed in white, with a black sash, and her hair falling in disorder on her shoulders. "I never did you harm," said she, "pray do not hurt me: I have touched nothing: I am here in a corner, where I cannot be seen; this injures nobody; but don't say any thing about it; don't mention it to him: he'll come down presently: I shal see him, and then I'll go away." My surprise increased every ward, and I tried in vain to recollect this unfortunate creature. Her voice was perfectly unknown to me, as well as her person. She continued to speak, but her ideas became so confused that I could discover nothing but the disorder of her head, and the distress of her heart. I interrupted her, and endeavoured to bring back her attention to our situation. "If somebody else," said I, "had seen you before I did at the foot of the great stair-case?" "Ah!" said she, "I see very well that you do not know all: *he alone is somebody*: and, when he goes away, he does not, like you, listen to all he hears: he only hears her who is above. Formerly it was I; now it is she: but it will not last: oh! no, no; it will not last!" At these words, she took a miniature from her bosom, and seemed to examine it with much attention. A moment after, we heard a door open; a servant holding a light, at the top of the balustrade, enabled me to see a young man, who tripped lightly down stairs. As he passed, his hapless victim was seized with an universal trembling; and scarcely had he disappeared, when the rest of her strength forsook her, and she fell on the lower step, behind the pillar that concealed us. I was going to call for assistance, but the fear of exposing her prevented me. I took the poor creature, senseless, in my arms. The shutting of the door above was then heard. She started at the noise, and seemed to revive a little. I held her hands in one of mine, and with the other supported her head. She tried to speak; but the sounds she endeavoured to utter were stifled by grief. We remained some time in a silence which I did not dare to interrupt; when, at last, having entirely recovered the use of her senses, she said to me, in a soft and faultering voice, "Ah! I see very well, I ought to have warned you. The accident which has just happened to me must have made you uneasy, for you are good and kind: you must have been afraid; and I am not surprised at it. I was afraid, like you, when I found myself in this situation, that I was going to die; and I feared it; for that would have deprived me of the only means of seeing him, which is all that I have left: but I have found out, yes I have found out, that I cannot die. Just now, when he passed by, I left myself to go to him. If he died, I should die too; but without that it is impossible. We only die where we live; and it is not in myself but in him that I exist. Some time ago, I was mad; oh! yes, very mad, indeed: and that will not surprise you, as it was the beginning of his going up this stair-case. My reason is now returned: every thing goes and comes, and so does that. This miniature, which you see, restored it. It is a portrait; but not of my friend. What good would that do? He is very well already: he has no occasion to improve: he has nothing to alter. If you did but know whose portrait it is: it is the wicked woman above stairs. The cruel creature, what trouble she has given me since she approached my heart! It was so content; so happy: but she has changed and destroyed all. One day, I recollect it very well, I happened to go alone to my friend's room. Alas! he was no longer there. I found this portrait on his table. I took it: ran away with it; and, since then, I am better." After saying this, she began to laugh, talked of the public walks, of phætons and of horses; and I once more perceived a total confusion in her ideas. Some moments after she left off speaking, I drew near to her, and asked why she preserved, with so much care, the portrait of the wicked woman above stairs? "How!" answered she, "what! you do not know? why it is my only hope. I take it every day: put it by the side of my looking-glass; and arrange my features like hers. I begin already to be a little like her; and, by taking pains, I shall resemble her exactly. I will then go and see my friend: he will be satisfied with me; and will no longer be obliged to go to her above stairs; for, except that, I am sure he likes me best. Only think on what trifles our happiness depends; on some features which he no longer found disposed to his liking. Why did he not say so? I would have done then, what I do now; and he would not have been obliged to apply to a stranger. Nothing was more easy, and it would have saved us both a great deal of trouble; but, without doubt, he did not think of it. Every evening I wait at the foot of the staircase; he never comes down before the convent bell has struck two; and then, as I can't see, I count the beatings of my poor heart. Since I have been in possession of the portrait, I count every day some pulsations less; but it is late, and I must go from hence: adieu!" I accompanied her to the street door; as soon as without, she turned to the left, and I walked on some paces beside her; she then suddenly fixed her eyes on the stream of light the lamps formed before us, "You see all these lamps," said she, "they are agitated by every breath of air; it is the same with my heart; it burns like them; but they consume, and I burn for ever!"

I continued to follow her. "Stop," said she, "again return home; I carry with me a part of your sleep, and I am to blame, for sleep is very sweet, it is even so to me! I see in it what is past!" I feared to afflict her, by insisting any longer, and left her.

I then returned home, my mind and heart equally agitated, and this unfortunate girl still before my eyes; I reflected on the cause of her anguish; and some regret, and the remembrance of some past circumstances, were mingled with my tears, I was too much afflicted to hope for rest; and while waiting for daylight, wrote down the scene to which I had been witness.

## Scientific Records.

[Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History, Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; to be continued in a series through the volume.]

*Antiquities.*—A peasant of the environs of Avallon, with a view to improve a field which he possessed in the vicinity of that town, on a mountain called Montmarte, endeavoured to remove some large stones which he found there in abundance. After several days of continued labour he discovered here and there several tiles, much larger and thicker than those made use of at Avallon. This astonished him, especially when he considered the height and isolated situation of the spot. He pursued his work more strenuously than before: his spade struck against a hard and round substance. It was a head; and appeared in such a size and proportion, that he imagined it could belong to no one but the devil. The peasant, being dismayed, returned to the town as quickly as he could, and, with much appearance of alarm, related the adventure. He was believed; and no one would return with him lest they should there find the devil's head. M. Malot, an old public officer, and a man of education, had retired to this village, where he lived upon his estate, and was distinguished for his general knowledge. He was soon informed of this adventure; he removed the fears of the peasant, and with some difficulty induced the man to conduct him to the place where he had made the discovery. Having arrived there, the peasant pointed, at some distance, to the head which he had raised with his spade. M. Malot took it; and, having cleared it from the earth with which it was covered, found it was a marble head, of the most beautiful sculpture. M. Malot was much gratified; and the apprehensions of the peasants being entirely dissipated, they continued their original labour, and found other heads, many beautiful statues almost entire, and other curious objects of antiquity. A friend of the arts, who resides at Avallon, has purchased the field in question. He gave to the peasant the price he asked for it. He has employed several labourers, who work incessantly. They have found not only the site of an ancient temple, clearly marked by walls of two or three feet in height, but also a number of mutilated statues of beautiful white marble, and many coins of brass and gold, stamped with the impression of the Roman Emperors. M. Caristie, the retired architect of Government, who is residing, for the benefit of his health, at Avallon, will soon make a report to the institute on the subject of these discoveries.—*Paris paper.*

INTERESTING TO NATURALISTS.

A rat was found in a barn near this town, a few days ago, the death of which had been occasioned by the growth of two teeth in the shape of tusks, one of which, it appeared, had penetrated its brain.—*Birmingham Chronicle*

## Poetry.

### "WHAT IS LIFE, WHEN WANTING FUN?"

What is life when wanting fun?
Nothing worthy living for;
'Tis a day without a sun;
'Tis a night without a star.
Oh! give me a merry hour,
And a merry friend beside me;
Sorrow then will lose its power;
Then what ill can e'er betide me?

Who would live this life alone,
That has joined the jovial throng?
Who, that mirth has ever known,
Can forget her witching song?
Oh! to see her dimpled cheek,
And her eyes that beam so brightly;
Lips that circle while they speak;
Feet that tread the dance so lightly.

Speed! then speed the dance along,
Whilst the tide of rapture rolls;
And the burthen of our song
Shall be joy to happy souls.
Then give me a merry hour,
And a merry friend beside me;
Sorrow then will lose its power;
Then what ills can e'er betide me?

ELLEN, of Deckerton.

### MR. MOORE'S NEW POEM.

"THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS" is just published. The work consists of three distinct stories, founded upon the Apocryphal Text of Scripture which the advertisement has already made familiar to the public, and describes, in Mr. Moore's exquisite style, the mutual fascinations of the Sons of Heaven and the Daughters of Earth. We shall not, however, attempt an analysis of the poem, or rather poems, which would be incompatible with the space we could devote to it, and for which besides few of our readers would thank us. We are sensible, too, of the unfairness of exhibiting a few stanzas as a specimen of a finished and connected poem. One might as well attempt to form an idea of a fair proportioned body from witnessing a detached limb. For the selection of the following passage, we have however this to say, that if not one of the most brilliant in the poem, from its parenthetical nature it admits of separation from the context without much injury. It is extracted from the "Third Angel's Story," and cannot fail to impress on our readers a full sense of the delicacy and address with which Mr. Moore has surmounted the difficulties of a subject in which the warmth of love and the ideal purity of celestial feelings are essentially combined:

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he lov'd, steal o'er
The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loth, by ev'n a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—
There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er the horizon's gold rim,
Into Elysium roll'd away;
Or God she sung, and of the mild
Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smil'd
Ready, with her white hand, to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
That she might quench them on the way!
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
So fond, that with her every tear
The light of that love star is mix'd!—
All this she sung, and such a soul
Of piety was in that song,
That the charmed Angel, as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the daylight's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some spirit gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!
Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music's melting course,
He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea shore a maiden stand,
Before whose feet th' expiring waves
Flung their last tribute with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
She rais'd, like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
To be ador'd than to adore—
Such eyes as may have look'd *from* Heaven,
But ne'er were rais'd to it before!

Oh *Love*, Religion, Music—all
That's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high, glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft entrance'd Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

## Correspondence.

### ILLUMINATED CLOCKS.

*TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—When it was lately mentioned in the newspapers that the clock of Trinity Church, Salford, was lighted up by gas every evening, I participated in the hope, which those papers expressed, that the public clocks of Liverpool would soon be illuminated in like manner. I have lately, however, seen the Salford clock, and I would beg leave to move, that the words, "in like manner," be left out of any wish on the subject.

The lamp by which the said clock is lighted, is placed, at the distance of a yard or two, directly in front of the centre of the clock face. The light is undoubtedly good, and when you stand pretty much to the right or left of the object the effect is good; but from any other situation it is evident that the lamp, with its opaque back, forms a blot upon the fingers or figures of the clock, and either by day or by night occasions a partial eclipse. This, *on the very face of it*, is a clumsy contrivance, and ought not to be imitated. In Glasgow, I believe, a public clock is illuminated by a lamp, placed at a proper distance, but elevated to a level with the top of the clock-face. Of course the fingers and figures can be distinctly seen, and in the the day-time the lamp itself is scarcely observable.

Allow me to repeat my wish, in which I am joined by thousands, that our public clocks may soon be illuminated on a judicious plan. The Corporation, I have no doubt, will FOSTER the idea. TEMPUS.

*Liverpool, December 27, 1822.*

*TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—Kaleidoscope is composed of three words, as follows:—

| Καλον | ειδος | σκοπω |
|---|---|---|
| KALOS | EIDOS | and SCOPIO |
| beautiful | sight | I see |

The syllable *ei*, in *Kalei dos cope*, is taken from the first syllable of *eidos*, or ειδος (sight;) now the *ei*, in *eidos*, is pronounced by all classical men as the *ei* in the word *eight* is, and the rest of the world cannot possibly do better than to follow such example; therefore let the word be pronounced *Kaleighdoscope*, and not *Kalidoscope* or *Ka le i doscope*. Yours, &c.

*Liverpool.* R. T.

### ORNITHOLOGY.

*TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—On Monday morning last, the 23d instant, a nest of a hedge-sparrow, with two newly-laid eggs therein, was found in the hedge at Denton's-Green Brewery, near this town: that the eggs were newly laid, was proved by breaking them. As this is a circumstance very uncommon at this time of the year, more particularly after a severe frost, I thought you would be willing to hear it, and perhaps to record it.—Yours, &c. W. G.

*St. Helen's, December 26, 1822.*

## The Bouquet.

*"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."*
MONTAIGNE.

### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New Year's-day has ever been considered a season of joy and congratulation for blessings received and dangers escaped in the past year. The ancient custom of going about with the *wassail*, 'a bowl of spiced ale,' on New Year's-eve, Twelfth-night, and Christmas-eve, is still kept up in many places. New Year's gifts were formerly presented on this day, in England, by the husband to the wife, the father to the child, or the master to the servant; reversing the Roman custom, which was generally from the inferior to the superior. The gifts were not confined to particular things, though some were preferred to others, and they appear to have been offerings peculiar to the season, and made more for ceremony's sake, than for a token of remembrance, or for value. An orange stuck full of cloves was one of this class. Eggs dyed of different colours were also sent as presents, particularly red ones; which was the favourite colour of the Celtic nations. It is remarkable that a similar custom prevailed in Persia at the beginning of the last century, when they celebrated the commencement of their solar year by a feast, at which they gave each other coloured eggs. Verses in the shape of compliment or congratulation were formerly sent as New Year's gifts, and were, consequently, plenty enough during the season. An old tract, treating of this custom, says, "The poets get mightily that day (New Year's-day) by their pamphlets, for a hundred elaborate lines shall be less esteemed then in London than a hundred of Wansfleet oysters at Cambridge." The English nobility formerly sent the King a purse of gold as a New Year's gift; a custom derived, without doubt, from that observed by the Roman knights towards the Emperors. The Law Society of Lincoln's Inn, as they were formerly great observers of Christmas, so they were accustomed to greet New Year's-day with mirth and good fellowship. The seat of the King of Christmas in the hall was filled by his marshal, and the master of the revels supplied the vacant seat of the marshal, thus elevated to the throne of the sovereign. In truth, the gentlemen of Lincoln's Inn seem to have lived "right merrily" in ancient times, and never to have missed any excuse for a wassailing of which they could avail themselves.

The new season (observes a modern writer) seems naturally to bring with it anticipations of good fortune, and thus it heightens the deceptions which reconcile us to life, or rather increase our love of it. In truth, the entrance of the New Year has peculiar charms:—the lengthening days, the earth about to rise from the "cheerless sleep of

winter, the exhilarating feelings at the approach of Spring, the incipient song of birds, the increasing sunshine, are all calculated to repress sad thoughts by the delicious sensations they inspire. It is the character of human nature to fling itself confidently upon the future, and even to "leap amid its darkness." The past is beyond our power; the present is become the past ere we can reflect upon it:—Man, therefore, has only the future for the haven in which he can anchor his little bark of expectations, and he looks to it with delight, always flattering himself that there he shall find good holding-ground, and see

The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

The greetings and wine-cups that usher in the New Year are not wholly empty ceremonies. The division of time entered upon has a thousand hopes on its wings. We are dependent upon it for many things which we have to achieve, or which we promise ourselves will be achieved for us.

The merry village bells ring in the stranger year over the generations sleeping insensibly beneath them. To a thousand ears in the full flush of life, youth, and health, they waft sounds of gladness, and

Another year, and then those sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness all the vale.

"Another year" and again the "jolly rebecks" will sound, and the same merriment be repeated, for even the pleasures of life are but a string of such stale repetitions. Still let us make the most of them, and not live too much upon those of "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow;" but endeavour to employ and enjoy well the present time:—let us be more anxious to be able to call truly our past years happy ones at their conclusion, than to hope at the beginning that each new one may turn out to be so.

New Year's-day in Paris is the most remarkable day in the whole year; all the shops are shut, labour suspends his toil, commerce reposes on her oars, and the philosopher postpones his studies. Nature and Nature's son enjoy a universal holiday. For several weeks preceding New Year's-day, various classes of ingenious artists employ all their talents and skill to shine with an uncommon lustre on the auspicious opening of the New Year: these are the confectioners, the embossers of visiting cards, the jewellers, &c.; and their shops on this day display a degree of taste and magnificence difficult to describe, and totally unknown in England. This is the day of universal greetings, of renewing acquaintance, of counting how many links have been broken by time last year in the circles of friendship, and what new ones have replaced them. All persons, whatever may be their rank, degree, or profession, form a list of the names of persons whose friendship they wish to preserve or cultivate: to each of these persons a porter is sent to deliver their card. Those more particularly connected with them by blood or friendship, are visited in person; and all who meet embrace on this happy day. Millions of cards are distributed; and nothing is seen in the streets but well-dressed persons going to visit their friends and relations, and renew, in an affectionate manner, all the endearing charms of friendship. On this day, who, parents, friends, and lovers, bestow their presents on the various objects of their affection, and pour so many draughts of the most delightful balm that human nature can partake.

## ANCIENT CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

We are obliged to Mr. Davies Gilbert, the learned M.P. for Bodmin, for the trouble he has taken to collect these pleasing "specimens of times now passed away, and of religious feelings superseded by others of a different cast."* We hope Mr. Gilbert's example will be followed by other gentlemen, in collecting the traditionary songs of their immediate neighbourhoods; this would, doubtless, throw light on the manners and amusements of our ancestors.

"These carols or Christmas songs were chanted to the tunes accompanying them, in churches on Christmas-day, and in private houses on Christmas-eve, throughout the West of England, up to the latter part of the late century.

"The editor is anxious also to preserve them on account of the delight they afforded him in his childhood; when the festivities of Christmas-eve were anticipated by many days of preparation, and prolonged through several weeks by repetitions and remembrances.

"Christmas-day, like every other great festival, has prefixed to it in the calendar a Vigil or Fast; and in Catholic countries Mass is still celebrated at midnight after Christmas-eve, when austerities cease, and rejoicings of all kinds succeed. Shadows of these customs were, till very lately, preserved in the Protestant West of England. The day of Christmas-eve was passed in an ordinary manner; but at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cider or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of carols was continued late into the night. On Christmas-day these carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining; and at the end it was usual for the parish-clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all the parishioners.

"None of the sports or gambols, so frequently practised on subsequent days, ever mixed themselves with the religious observances of Christmas-eve. Two of the sports most used in Cornwall were, the one, a metrical play, exhibiting the successful prowess of St. George exerted against a Mahometan adversary; the other, a less dignified representation of some transactions at a market or fair.

"In the first, St. George enters accoutred with complete armour, and exclaims,

"'Here come I Saint George,
That valiant champion bold,
And with my sword and spear,
I've won three crowns of gold.
I slew the dragon, he
And brought him to the slaughter,
By which I gained fair Sabra,
The King of Egypt's daughter.'

"The Pagan enters.

"'Here come I the Turkish knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight,
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * bold,
And if your blood is hot,
I soon will make it cold.'

"They fight, the Turkish Knight falls, and rising on one knee,

"'Oh! pardon me Saint George,
Oh! pardon me, I crave,
Oh! give me but my life,
And I will be thy slave.'

"Saint George, however, again strikes him down; but, immediately relenting, calls out,

"'Is there no doctor to be found,
To cure a deep and deadly wound?'

"A Doctor enters, declaring that he has a small phial filled with the juice of some particular plant, capable of recalling any one to life; he tries, however, and fails; when St. George kills him, enraged by his want of success. Soon after this, the Turkish Knight appears perfectly well; and, having been fully convinced of his errors, by the strength of St. George's arm, he becomes a Christian, and the scene closes.

"The fair or market usually followed, as a farce. Several persons arranged on benches were sometimes supposed to sell corn; and one applying to each seller in his turn inquired the price, using a set form of words, to be answered in a corresponding manner. If any error were committed, a grave personage was introduced with much ceremony, grotesquely attired, and provided with a large stick; who, after stipulating for some ludicrous reward, such as a gallon of moonlight, proceeded to shoe the untamed colt, by striking the person in error on the sole of the foot.

"For an ample account of various customs and ceremonies practised at Christmas in former periods, the reader is referred to Brand's 'Observations on popular Antiquities,' edited by Henry Ellis, F. R. S. and secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, two vols. 4vo; and to 'The Clavis Calendaria by John Brady,' two vols. 8vo. In each of these works will be found a very curious dissertation on the word *yule*; the name of a Pagan festival, which has passed into most European languages, to denominate Christmas. The French *noel* is obviously derived from this word, and appears corrupted into 'Now Well,' when it forms a part of the chorus in the fourth carol; and perhaps indicates the whole to be a translation."

* Some ancient Christmas Carols, with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England. Collected by Davies Gilbert, Esq. F.R.S. F.A.S. &c. 8vo.

### CHRISTMAS.

The blessings of this festive season be upon all; its gladness in every heart; its praise on every lip! May the aged forget the ravages of time in the hallowed recollections of that blissful eternity which was assured to all Christians by the coming of our Blessed Deliverer; and may the young be happy in administering to the comforts and lightening the cares of those who tread the downhill path of life beneath the weight of years. It behoves us to contemplate this period of the year with peculiar earnestness; but whilst it claims our most serious thoughts, it by no means excludes that rational mirth and enjoyment which the goodness of Providence permits to all its creatures in the merry Christmas-time. Then may the wassail-bowl pass round with temperate cheer; the kissing-bush have the homage of many a loving soul; the holly decorate the sparkling hearth; and once more, be the blessings of this festival season upon all; its gladness in every heart; its praise on every lip!

*Christmas-eve* is, in Yorkshire, celebrated in a peculiar manner: at eight o'clock in the evening, the bells greet "old father Christmas" with a merry peal, the children parade the streets with drums, trumpets, bells, or perhaps, in their absence, with the poker and shovel, taken from their humble cottage-fire; the yule candle is lighted, and

"High on the cheerful fire
Is blazing seen th' enormous Christmas brand."

Supper is served, of which one dish, from the lordly mansion to the humblest shed, is, invariably, furmety; yule-cake, one of which is always made for each individual in the family, and other more substantial viands are also added.

## The Housewife.

☞ We feel confident that none of our fair readers ever practise the barbarity recorded with such painful minuteness in the following French recipe, which we merely give as a curiosity:

*Matelotte of Eels.*—Take one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable. Note:—Several gentlemen have accused me of *cruelty* (astonishing!) for recommending in my work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burnt ones are much healthier; but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin.—*Vide the French Cook, by Louis Eustache Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. p. 224.*


## Advertisement.

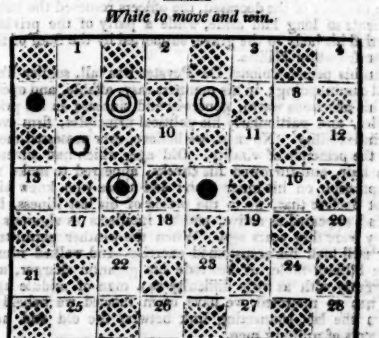
MOORE'S MELODIES.—A Gentleman would be glad to purchase either the Irish or National Melodies, second hand, if complete and in tolerable order. Not more than half the publishing price can be afforded.—Apply at the Mercury-office.


## CRITICAL SITUATIONS IN Draughts.

### SITUATION LXXII.

(Number 45 of Sturges.)

*White to move and win.*




THE PLAY.

| | |
|---|---|
| w. 7—10 | w. 6—2 |
| b. 14—7 | WHITE WINS. |

# Biographical Notices.

## THE LATE COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

We lately briefly noticed the death and public interment of Colonel Arentz Schulyer De Peyster, who expired at his residence here after a short illness, on Tuesday, 26th ult. at the advanced age, it is believed, of 96 or 97 years. No man it may be truly said, ever deserved better of his King and country, or combined in his own person a greater number of those qualities that constitute the character of the veteran warrior. For more than fourscore years he held the Royal Commission, and in the course of his long and active career, commanded at Detroit, Michelimackinac, and other parts of Upper Canada, during the most stormy period of the American War, and among nations not only fierce and savage, but decidedly hostile to the British Government. Yet, by his prudence and foresight; by measures at once fitted to conciliate and overawe; by combining, in a word, the talents of the soldier and civilian, he succeeded in detaching the Indians from the French cause; and in this way contributed in no trifling degree to the safety and consolidation of our Transatlantic possessions.

The deceased also served in various other parts of North America under his uncle, Colonel Schulyer; and after being promoted to the rank of Colonel, and commanding for many years the 8th Regiment, he retired to Dumfries, the native town of Mrs. De Peyster, the faithful follower of his fortunes in every situation—in camp and in quarters—amidst savages tribes and polished communities—in the most distant stations of Upper Canada as well as in walled and garrisoned cities. Indeed we may here state, without the slightest qualification, that there never was a more venerable and tenderly-attached pair. For more than fifty years they shared the same bed, without having been separated in any one instance; and altogether, the gallant old Colonel's bearing to his faithful and long-cherished spouse, resembled more what we ween of the age of chivalry, than the altered, and, as we suspect, not improved manners of the present times.

At the stormy period of the French Revolution, the zeal and talents of our townsman were again called into exercise, in the embodying and training of the 1st Regiment of Dumfries Volunteers. On this occasion his military ardour completely revived, and so successfully did he labour in his vocation, that in the course of a very few months his associates in arms displayed nearly all the steadiness and precision of a regiment of the line; a fact which deserves to be recorded, as equally honourable to the men, who so eagerly rallied round what they believed to be the standard of order, and to the vetran commander, who at once extended to them the benefits of his own experience, and animated them with a portion of his own spirit. Of this corps, as we formerly hinted, the author of "Tam O'Shanter" was an original member; and we have even heard it whispered, that the private and field officer (the latter of whom had a great fondness for literature, and a ready talent at versification) engaged, uuknown to each other, in a poetical controversy, which was conducted with considerable spirit through the respectable medium of the *Dumfries Journal*. Many members of the regiment still survive, and to mark their regard for the memory of the deceased, the officers resumed the habiliments so long laid aside, while a party of the privates carried his body to the grave, supported by the Staff of the Dumfriesshire Militia.

In his person Colonel De Peyster was tall, soldier-like, and commanding; in his manners easy, affable, and open; in his affections warm, generous and sincere; in his principles, and particularly his political principles, firm even to inflexibility. No man, we believe, ever possessed more of the principle of vitality. Old age, which had silvered his hair, and furrowed his cheeks, appeared to make no impression on his inner man; and those who knew him best declare that, up to the period of his last illness, his mind appeared as active, and his intellects as vigorous as they were fifty years ago. When the weather permitted, he still took his accustomed exercise—and walked round the billiard-table, or bestrode his gigantic charger, apparently with as little difficulty as a man of middle age. When so mounted, we have often fancied we beheld in him the last connecting link betwixt the old and new schools of military men.

In the power of discriminating faces, and immediately recognising every individual that he ever saw or conversed with, few men, it is said, possess more acuteness than his present Majesty—an instance of which talent we are enabled to mention:—Among his other services, the late Colonel De Peyster at one time commanded the garrison at Plymouth, and while discharging that duty he had occasion to be introduced to the Prince of Wales, then, we presume, a very young man. This circumstance his Majesty perfectly remembered, and while conversing with the Marquis of Queensberry, during his late visit to Scotland, he very kindly inquired whether his old friend the Colonel was still alive. His Lordship replied in the affirmative, and at the same time stated, that nothing but the advanced age and growing infirmities of his spouse had prevented him visiting Holyrood on so interesting an occasion. "Well," said his Majesty, "I am sorry for it; they were always a loving and now must be a truly venerable couple, for one of the oldest things I remember, is having danced Monimusk with Mrs. De Peyster.—*Dumfries Courier.*

# The Traveller.

[*NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.*]

## MEMORANDA,

DESCRIPTIVE, LITERARY, AND COMMERCIAL,

MADE ON A

## TOUR THROUGH SOME PARTS OF EUROPE,

COMPRISING

*Denmark, Prussia, Poland, Saxony, Brunswick, Hanover, the Hamburg and Bremen Territories, Holstein, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Pomerania, with the island of Rügen, East Friesland, Holland, Brabant, the Rhine country, and France,*

IN THE YEARS 1816, 1817, 1818.

*(Continued from our last.)*

## UNITED NETHERLANDS.

### HOLLAND, PROPER.——BRABANT.

As many of the public buildings, during the reign of the French in Holland, have received, and are generally known by French names, I shall adopt such, in noticing them.

L'Hôpital des Enfans trouvés. This is a fine building, erected in Prinsen-gracht,* and is calculated to contain above 1800 infants of both sexes, principally foundlings; also those whose parents, or at least one of them, died at sea, in a hospital, or prison, and which children could consequently (on account of the standing orders) not be admitted into any other asylum. They are placed with nurses, until of a sufficient age to be received into the house. The boys are taught some handicraft, or, if more agreeable to their wish, prepared for the army or navy. The girls are generally employed in the house in the capacity of servants, and afterwards hired out as such to private families. The order and regularity reigning throughout this numerous family is really striking, and the appearance of the whole in one room at dinner, very interesting. The attention paid to the health of the inmates is unremitted; the bedrooms are daily ventilated, and much pains are taken to keep the clothes and linen clean. The inmates frequently bathe in a private place, near the Leyden gate. They each wear an uniform, bearing in a conspicuous part a number, corresponding with one in the register, in which every circumstance is inscribed concerning the individual, if a foundling. For instance, the place where he was found, and the particulars of the money or papers, if any, in his possession: these are carefully preserved, and on his leaving the hospital, are handed to him. The foundation enjoys good revenues from a tax on all water cisterns, burials in churches, dogs, and two-wheeled carts, besides a per centage on benefices and all public auctions.

L'Hôpital de S. Pierre is at the south end of the "Oudezyds-Achterburgwall." Every sick person, without regard to age, sex, religion, or nation, is admissible into this hospital, where he is fed and nourished until entirely recovered. It receives its name from the circumstance of being built on the site of the convent of St. Peter, which was suppressed in the reformation of 1578. The entrance is through a large gate, over which are rudely sculptured the figures of a sick man and woman; from it a long avenue leads to the door of the house, which latter is divided into many apartments for the reception of patients afflicted with the various maladies. The sexes are kept separate, and one ward is devoted to pregnant women. All the wounded are placed in the infirmary, and the operations on them are performed by skilful surgeons, in the presence of the students. The establishment is exempt from all taxes, and has its own brewery, bakery, and laboratory. From the latter, medicines are delivered gratis to those poor who are attended at their own abodes.

L'Hôpital des Fous, in the Overtoom suburb. It was founded in 1630, at the expense of £13,475. The form is an oblong square, approached by a long avenue of trees, at the end of which are a bridge and barrière, the house being surrounded by a wet ditch. The interior is admirably arranged, and much pains are taken to air and fumigate the rooms. Attached to the hospital is a burial-place, where those who die in it, strangers, and criminals, are interred.

L'Hôpital des Vieillards, near Doele-street. It was founded in 1550 by the munificence of Ester Claas, for twelve poor women, which number has been gradually increased to 166 of *both* sexes. The interior is in the form of a quadrangle, the lower story of which consists of shops, for the sale of the necessaries, and even the luxuries of life. The upper story contains the houses of the pensioners, who are not admitted until fifty years of age; they must have been five successive years residents of the city, and be unmarried. On entrance, they pay about 19s. 3d. which is calculated to be the expense of a funeral. On the death of a member, his property belongs to the hospital, whose revenue consists of the rent of the shops before noticed and a small tax on victuals. This establishment is alluded to in the following old doggrel lines:*

On met les cinq doigts dans la poche,
A l'aide desquels on accroche
La juste valeur de deux lis (10fl. 16s.)
Qu'on donne au maitre de logis;
Après, il faut la couverture
D'un lit, avec sa garniture,
Savoir six draps, deux oreillers,
Des rideaux, un lit, deux cuilliers,
Deux habits, deux chapeaux, un verre,
Et un pot d'étain d'Angleterre;
De plus faut avoir un couteau,
Un garde-manger qui soit beau,
Deux chaises de tapisserie
Qu'on achete à la fripperie.
Avant ce bel ameublement,
On leur dit bien honnêtement:
Entrez.

L'Hôpital de S. Lazare, in Muider-street, founded in 1642. Imbecile persons and others here secure a pension for life, by paying a deposit on entrance; if they are from

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 45 to 50 years, the deposit is from | £353 | 14 | 10 | to | £315 | 17 | 8 |
| 50 to 55 | „ | „ | „ | 308 | 7 | 4 | „ | 275 | 7 | 4 |
| 55 to 60 | „ | „ | „ | 267 | 2 | 8 | „ | 234 | 2 | 4 |
| 60 to 65 | „ | „ | „ | 225 | 17 | 4 | „ | 197 | 17 | 4 |
| 65 to 70 | „ | „ | „ | 184 | 12 | 4 | „ | 151 | 12 | 4 |

For these sums the pensioners are made comfortable the remainder of their days, furnished with good food, fire, candles, and washing; and when sick, a medical practitioner is instructed to attend them.—The apartments of the Governor are decorated with paintings by Ferd. Bol, Rechters, Lairesse, and Quinkhard.

L'Hôpital de S. George, in "Spinhuisteeg," is an establishment nearly similar to the last, in which, persons of both sexes, married or single, are admitted. The happy life led by the humble inhabitants of this excellent institution has become proverbial. The lower orders, when describing the comfort of a man's situation, frequently observe, "He lives like a pensioner of St. George's." The entrance-money depends on the age of the applicant and size of the room. Those who dine alone pay more that those at the public table, besides about 18s. 4d. per annum for attendance. For money placed in the treasury, interest is paid to the depositor, if he be of the age of

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 45 to 50 years, at the rate of | 8 | per cent. | per ann. |
| 50 to 55 | „ | „ | 9 | „ | „ |
| 55 to 60 | „ | „ | 10 | „ | „ |
| 60 to 65 | „ | „ | 10½ | „ | „ |
| 65 to 70 | „ | „ | 11 | „ | „ |
| 70 to 75 | „ | „ | 11½ | „ | „ |
| 75 and upwards, | „ | 12 | „ | „ |

* Gragt is the appellation of a *street* which ends along the bank of a canal.

* Description burlesque d'Amsterdam 1666."

The houses are pleasantly situated in an extensive garden. Founded in 1678. Re-erected 1747.

L'Hôpital des Vieilles Gens was erected in 1681, at an expense of £15,430, and is a building 360 feet by 230 feet. Both sexes, but of the reformed religion only, are admitted, maintained, and decently clothed. The number is generally about 600; and in the last century, 9444 have entered the hospital. A fine garden surrounds it.

The following hospitals are all worthy of observation:—" Des veuves Indigentes, de Miséricorde, des Walons, Luthérien, Anglais, des Vielles Femmes, and La Maison des Orphelins-Lutherien, des Orphelins-Anabaptistes, des Orphelins Catholiques Romaines. The last named is a superb edifice, and bears on the front a quotation from St. Mark, chap. x. verse 14, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

PRISONS.

La Grande Force, in "Heiligen Weg." At the front of the house is a bas-relief, representing a car full of wood, drawn by lions and tigers, and attended by a man, with the motto, "Virtutis est domare quæ cuncti pavent."* This alluded to the punishment formerly inflicted, of sawing and rasping dye-woods. Near the summit are two figures of men in fetters, and a female holding a rod, with the word "Castigatio."†

When the time appointed for public work is completed, the prisoners are allowed to prepare articles for sale for their own benefit; and their conduct is made known monthly to the magistrates, in a register kept for that purpose by the jailor. The sentence of those who have been peaceable and industrious during the first part of their confinement, is often commuted, or employment given them as attendants upon other prisoners, which much lessens the expense of servants. The children, to avoid the bad example of some of their parents, are sent to the Orphan-house, and taught some useful trade.

The "Maison de Travail," or "Werkhuis," in Weesperveld. Here persons are confined for slight offences only, and by the care of the Government are prevented from entering the common prisons, where a bad example would probably lead them on to still greater crimes. Every effort is tried to reclaim them. The women, who are separated from the men, are employed in carrying, spinning, and winding linen-thread; the men in weaving linen for shirting, &c. The building was erected by van der Hart, in 1779, and occupies a space of 455 feet by 255 feet, with a handsome portico and several emblematical figures in front. At the principal gate is the figure of a lion, holding the city arms; and beneath it is represented a female, delivering to a number of prisoners the portion of daily work allotted to each, with an inscription in the Dutch language.‡ The chief entrance is at the extremity of a beautiful walk, called the "Esplanade," and consists of a spacious vestibule. On this story are the rooms of the keeper and his assistants, and the kitchens, where the immense cauldrons and other utensils were remarkably clean. The apartments of the Governors, styled Regents, are on the second floor, handsomely furnished, and embellished by paintings of Rembrandt and Vandyke, chiefly portraits of the preceding Regents. A long gallery leads to the workhouse, and near the middle of it is a tablet, containing a Dutch inscription, the import of which is, "Agreeably to a resolution of the venerable council, held on the 5th of January, 1779, this building was erected during the regency of N. Konauw, Wm. Tilsingh, J. Alstorphius, H. Deneys, N. Boudt, N. Tersmitten, and J. H Bagman. The first stone was laid on the 11th of July, 1779, and the building completed in November, 1782." The third story contains the dining-rooms, dormitories, and infirmary. In this house are confined all the beggars, vagrants, and other idle persons, who are taken out of the streets by the police, as well as debauched women. They are kept apart from such as apply for relief; which latter are supported by the fruits of their labour and industry. The discipline reigning throughout is admirable, and as much pains are taken to preserve the health, as the security of those admitted. In short, I have not had an opportunity of witnessing any institution which appears better to answer the purposes for which it was intended. It may justly be considered a model of its kind, and a creditable memorial of the public spirit and benevolence of the inhabitants.

[*To be continued in our next.*]

* It is praiseworthy to reclaim those who are the terror of the world.

† Correction.

‡ It was thus versified by a young Frenchman:

"Si d'une main sévère au bien je vous oblige,
Mon cœur prend du plaisir à voir qu'on se corrige."

## Chit Chat.

The first book-auction in England, of which we have any record, is of a date as far back as 1676, when the library of Dr. Seaman was brought to the hammer. Prefixed to the catalogue there is an address, which thus commences:—"Reader, it hath not been usual here in England, to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give most for them; but it having been practised in other countries, to the great advantage of both buyers and sellers, it was, therefore, conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way."

At Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard, there is a library of books which has no legal claimant. It is a considerable collection of Divinity, Greek and Roman Classics, English History, &c., and has probably been much larger than it is now. It belonged to the Rev. Joseph Beasley, who, about a century ago, was minister of the parish of Mentmore, and who, tradition says, hanged himself in his study, upon seeing a corpse coming over the green, from Leybourne, a hamlet of Mentmore. He lies buried under a plain, long, narrow stone, in the church yard, at the east end of the church, between the church and the gate. All that seems to be remembered of him besides, is, that he paid his addresses to the widow of a wealthy farmer, who lived near the church, and was rejected by her. He appears, from the name occurring in his books, and other circumstances, to have had a sister residing with him, either constantly or occasionally; and a Miss Beasley, probably the same person, married into a neighbouring family. His books are in the care of the churchwardens of the parish, and are kept in a small low room of a cottage, near the church, which is said to have been the study where he hanged himself, and the window of which looks over Leybourne-green. From non-usage, spiders, time, and dust, they are, of course, in bad condition, and afford food enough for melancholy contemplation.—*Bucks Chron.*

*An original Anecdote.*—In consequence of the interest which the Lord Chancellor Camden took in behalf of Mr. Wilkes, he became so popular that the parishioners of Chislehurst (where he resided) in the zenith of their patriotism, made him a present of ten acres of the common, on which the avenue leading to the seat now stands. His Lordship, who was a very early riser, was the first to discover in one of his morning walks, that a poor widow who resided on the common had all her geese stolen the preceding night, and accidentally meeting a labourer going to work, and thinking from being wrapped up in his great coat that he was unknown to the man, inquired of him respecting the geese, and asked him if he knew what punishment would be inflicted on the offender who stole *the geese from the common?* The man answered "No."—"Why then I'll tell you," said his Lordship; "he would be transported for seven years."—"If that is the case," replied the labourer, "I will thank your Lordship to tell me what punishment the law would inflict on the man who stole the common from the geese?"—*The Representative.*

*The Elephant.*—A gentleman from India assures us, that he has seen elephants employed to pile wood, and which have, adding heap to heap, drawn back and placed themselves in a situation to see if they have kept a perpendicular line, and preserved a just and level in their work, and have then corrected any perceptible defect in one or the other. The same person has seen two elephants employed to roll barrels to a distance; one has kept them in motion while the other has been prepared with a stone in his trunk to stop their progress at the required spot.—*American paper.*

*Elephants.*—M. Durand, in his Voyage to Senegal, relates that the crew of a French vessel, which had arrived in the river of St. Domingo, on the coast of Africa, observed an elephant sticking in the mud in such a manner that he could not disengage himself. The sailors thought that it would be easy to take him, and accordingly fired muskets at him, which did not kill him, but put him in a rage. They could not get near enough to spear him; and being little accustomed to this sort of hunting, they did not know the parts where he might be wounded with the greatest effect. The elephant could neither run away from, nor approach, his assailants; he therefore, in despair, took up the mud with his trunk, and threw it in such quantities into the ship, that the sailors were obliged to tow their vessel off. As the tide set in, they observed the elephant disengage himself and swim to shore.

*Singular Character.*—There is at present living, at a place called Glenarie, six miles from Inverary, a person o the name of John Monro, at the advanced age of 95, who makes a point of walking daily, for the sake of recreation, the six miles betwixt his residence and Inverary, or to the top of Tullich hill, which is very steep, and distant about two miles. Should the rain pour in torrents, so much the better, and with the greater pleasure does he perambulate the summit of the hill for hours in the midst of the storm. Whether it is natural to the man, or whether it is the effect of habit, cannot be said; but it is well known he cannot endure to remain any length of time with his body in a dry state. During summer, and when the weather is dry, he regularly pays a daily visit to the river Arca, and plunges himself headlong in with his cloathes on; and should they get perfectly dry early in the day, so irksome and disagreeable does his situation become, that, like a fish out of water, he finds it necessary to repeat the luxury. He delights in rainy weather, and when "the sky lowers, and the clouds threaten," and other men seek the "bield or ingle side," then is the time that this "man of habits" chooses for enjoying his natural element in the highest perfection. He never bends his way homewards till he is completely drenched; and, on these occasions, that a drop may not be lost, his bonnet is carried in his hand, and his head left bare, to the pattering of the wind, and the incessant rain. He at present enjoys excellent health; and, notwithstanding his habits, he has been wonderfully fortunate in escaping cold, a complaint very common in this moist climate; but when he is attacked, whether in dry weather or wet weather, whether in summer or winter, his mode is not more singular than it is specific. Instead of confining himself and indulging in the ardent sweating potions so highly extolled among the gossips of his country, he repairs to his favourite element, the pure streams of the Arca, and takes one of his usual headlong dips with his cloathes on. He then walks about for a few miles, till they become dry, when the plan pursued never fails to check the progress of his disorder. In other respects, the writer has never heard any thing singular regarding his manner or habits.—*Stirling Journal.*

In 1769, when the Emperor Joseph II. visited Cardinal Albani at his celebrated villa, near the Porta Princiana, the astonished Prince praised it so excessively that the Cardinal could do no less than "beseech his Majesty to accept of the trifling bauble." The extravagance of Roman generosity at first embarrassed the titular King of the Romans; but recollecting himself, Joseph restored the princely donation, with the royal compliment, "that he was not rich enough to make a suitable return."

"I wonder," said a woman of humour, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grand point; he wishes to be master, and so do I."

The savages of America learn to swear in English, having no correspondent expressions in their native tongues.—*Traveller.*

*Hotch Potch.*—Upon Dr. Johnson's return from his tour in Scotland, a lady on whom he called, had got ready what is there called a *hotch potch* for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she took an opportunity of asking him "if it was good?"—"Very good for *hogs*," answered the doctor; "Then pray," replied the lady, "let me help you to a little more."

A tailor, learned no doubt, residing within a certain distance of the good town of Birmingham, has taken for his motto the words of Sallust—

"Concordæ res parvæ crescunt"

which, we hear, he thus translates:

Small things, by union, grow to bigger—well;
My *yard* into a *square* may swell!

# The Fireside.

## "VIVE LA BAGATELLE."

*"In order to employ one part of this life in serious and important occupations, it is necessary to spend another in mere amusements."* JOHN LOCKE.

### SOLUTIONS TO THE BAGATELLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Form two concentric circles (fig. 1) the outer double the diameter of the inner; divide them, as in the figure, and cut them into the eight pieces, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, which, when put together, will form TWO oval-shaped figures resembling figure 2, the mode of forming which is too simple to require any further explanation.

Fig. 1.

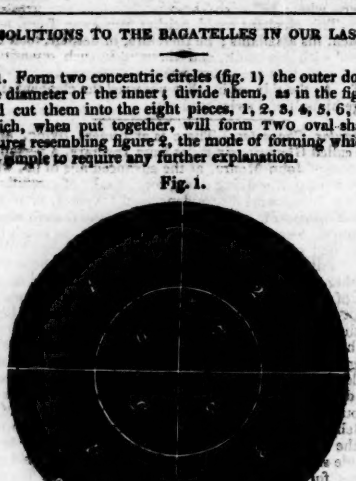
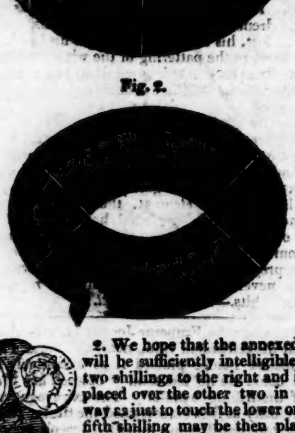
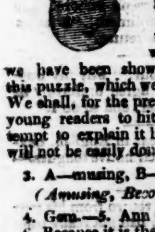


Fig. 2.





2. We hope that the annexed figure will be sufficiently intelligible. The two shillings to the right and left are placed over the other two in such a way as just to touch the lower one; the fifth shilling may be then placed on its edge, on the spot where the four touch, so as to be in contact with the whole. Since this figure was prepared, we have been shown another method of performing this puzzle, which we think is neater and more satisfactory. We shall, for the present, leave it to the ingenuity of our young readers to hit upon it; and we may probably attempt to explain it by a figure next week, although it will not be easily done.

3. A—musing, B—coming, D—lighting, N—chanting. *(Amusing, Becoming, Delighting, Enchanting.)*

4. Gun.—5. Ann O'Domini *(Anno Domini!)*

6. Because it is the universe I tie *(University.)*

7. Because it makes old metal into Gold metal.

8. Old ocean *(Old Ocean.)*—9. Wallace *(Wall-ace.)*

10. Because he is Billy Dow *(Billet Doux!)*

11. —12. The letter E.—13. The word Alphabet.

14. Spark, Park, Ark.

15. Strawberry (straw is the stalk or support of the wheat.)

16. Bookcase.—N.B. In part of our last week's impression, there was a typographical error in proposing this question, viz. "By the *half* of my first," instead of "By the *help* of my first." The alteration may easily be made with a pen.

17. Coal.

## PUZZLES, CONUNDRUMS, ENIGMAS, &c.

GOOD, BAD, AND INDIFFERENT.

*[Continued from our last.]*

18. Is there the child of another man, whom I ought to love as well as I love my own child?

19. What smells the strongest in an apothecary's shop?

20. When you and I are laughing, why do we resemble the wing of a chicken?

21. Name four letters that with the assistance of a figure will form a sentence of eight words, some of which are of two or three syllables?

22. What word can be formed of one hundred and one, five and one and fifty?

23. My first it is a great way off,
My second's any thing;
Though at my humble whole you scoff,
It bears the likeness of the king.

24. What am I who possess the power
To alter thus—O shocking?
Though properly I am a shoe,
I may be made a stocking.

25. What word, of seven letters, reads backwards and forwards the same?

26. What is that which men are constantly seeking, although they see it every day?

27. Why is kidnapping my only son, like clapping me into the Black Hole in Calcutta?

28. If I had a portrait of Fox, how can I make it into Pitt?

29. Why is the letter S, like a hop-merchant?

30. Why are the numerical letters XIII. like an office of public revenue?

31. I send a pie to be baked, and get from the baker a ticket, No. 40. How can I direct my servant Anna to go for it by naming a musical instrument?

32. Doctor preached Dinner Dr.

33. Why do midnight gamblers resemble the sparks from an electrical machine?

34. Why does a city Alderman, after a turtle feast, resemble a military hero?

35. Why is a certain plant, used in dyeing, worse than a madman?

36. Why is an ardent lover's passion like a gas-light?

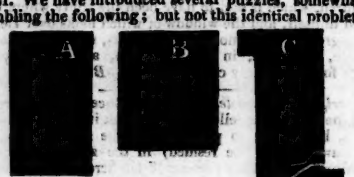
37. During the late storm, why were all the private watchmen great liars?

38. Why is an article much puffed in the newspapers, and used in almost every house like an Ethiopian monarch?

39. Why does a slight catarrh resemble a sucking pig of seven days old?

40. A stabs B under the fifth rib, and B's exclamation expresses the crime of A. What did B say?

41. We have introduced several puzzles, somewhat resembling the following; but not this identical problem.




A parallelogram (A) may be cut into *two* pieces, which shall form the two other figures (B and C.) It need scarcely be added, that whatever may be the dimensions of the piece A, the pieces B and C will bear the same proportion to it as they do in this figure.

42. What's the moon at three days old,
The sign next Cancer,
Pat, and rat without a tail?
Quick, Sir, your answer.

43. What is that which ladies look for every day, and are sorry when they find it?

44. You eat me, you drink me, deny it who can,
I'm sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man!

45. Why is a trunk, doubly tied, like a judgment of court?

46.

*[From the Liverpool Mercury, Vol. I. page 78.]*

"TO THE EDITOR.—I have been amusing my grandchildren, this morning, with your Mercurial puzzle, and my favourite little girl, after a twirl or two, performed the operation. Her eldest brother, Charles, not a little piqued at her excelling him, set us a trick, which he had learned at school.—It was to divide six dots, from one another, by a letter of the Greek alphabet. Such a proposition to a young lady made me exclaim 'Fie, fie!' when the boy instantly accused me of betraying the secret. Now, Sirs, I leave it to your Mercurial wits to discover what fie! can have to do with dividing a card dotted like the adjoining into six parts, leaving a dot on each part. Accept the thanks of one who is approaching his second childhood for your attentions to children."

47.

All attentive my first to false tales that are told,
Tho' 'tis true I was with father Adam of old.
In my last every year many thousands are laid,
How transient, alas! is all human parade!
On earth let a jester be ever so droll,
He never can jest if he is in my whole.

48.

With youth and perfect beauty blest
From distant lands I came;
Nor has my country been ashamed,
To let me bear its name.
No lady yet could ever boast
Complexion half so fine,
Though now my skin's as black as his
Who worketh in the mine.
When I was fair, and young, and strong,
A happy life I led;
And with my mistress every night
Went constantly to bed.
But from this jilt, as years advanced,
And I grew thin and old,
The change which I received then
You'll scarce believe when told.
With iron pincers first she seized
Upon my slender frame,
And fore'd me by consuming fire
To change my former name.
Within a dungeon close and dark,
Unhappy I am thrown,
With villains who have hearts as hard
As iron and as stone.
Nor can I ever hope that they
Will pity to me show,
When they do nothing else but give
Each other blow for blow.
A hateful match she did for me
Most barb'rously provide;
A circumstance I much desir'd
For evermore to hide;
Nor should have named did not I know
My fellow-prisoner's spite
Was such that they would never rest
Till it was brought to light.

# To Correspondents.

DECKERTON.—This pleasing series, for which we are indebted to our esteemed friend *Wilfred Wender*, is completed this day. We were unwilling to divide the catastophhe, which we therefore give entire, to the unavoidable exclusion of several other communications which have been promised and some of which are now prepared in the type. Next week we shall endeavour to make amends. In the mean time, we crave the indulgence of *Your Reader*—*J. M'N.*—*W. B.*—*Misanthrope*—*W. B.*—*W. X. of Oldham*—*Nathan*—*Constant Reader*—*Saratoga*—*N. O'R.*

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENT.—The space we have allotted to the juvenile bagatelle department, together with the cases already assigned, operate to the temporary exclusion of the articles we have enumerated, and oblige us somewhat to abridge our notices to correspondents.

IRISH LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES.—The completion of Deckerton will leave our columns rather more at our disposal than they have been of late, in consequence of which, we hope to publish the Essay on Irish Literature and Antiquities either next week, or the succeeding week.

BOLTON.—We regret exceedingly the irregularity which we understand has lately taken place in the arrival of the *Kaleidoscope* at Bolton, and have done all in our power to prevent any cause of complaint for the future.

Our circumscribed limits only admit, for the present, of stating that we have received the favours of *J. C.*—*Sylphiana*—*Constant Reader*—*T. R.*—*P. Peter*—and *Gulielmus*.

*Windy Jemmy* next week.

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